

## A PARALLEL between O. P. and P. O.

1.

**W**hen Brewers and Bakers,  
And such Undertakers,  
Did settle the Church and the State ;  
A fine Reformation  
Was made in the Nation,  
And little Things then became great.

2.

A Rake-Helly Brewer,  
A Rogue I am sure,  
A Subtil one, when but a Boy ;  
Yet that Politician  
Did get a Commission,  
The King and his Friends to destroy.

3.

Which Thing he effected,  
And then was Elected  
By a People that call themselves Free,  
To be their Protector ;  
Oh ! then he did Hector,  
And was called his Highness O. P.

4.

Those Times they were sad ;  
But not half so bad  
In that, as in this Usurpation :  
Much Treasure was spent,  
But none of it sent  
To Holland, to beggar the Nation.

5.

For in Oliver's Days,  
To his mighty Praise,  
The Fleet and the Army were pay'd ;  
Our Merchants preserv'd,  
And no Man was starv'd,  
Or perish'd for want of a Trade.

6.

But now in the Street,  
What Objects we meet  
Of Tradesmen, who beg for Relief ;  
Whilst the Dutch at White-Hall,  
From the English take all,  
By command of P.O. the Grand Thief.

7.

Who his Father did rob,  
And the Nation did bob,  
And Swears by his Power and Might,  
That he is a Widgeon  
That matters Religion,  
Since Strength and Success gives a Right.

8.

And for the dull English,  
He'll make 'em distinguish  
Between the long Robe and the Sword ;  
And as he sees cause,  
He'll damn all the Laws,  
And govern by that of his Word.

9.

By which we may see  
His Highness O. P.  
Was an Ais to his Highness P. O.  
For the brave Cavileer  
Sometimes he would spare,  
But the Jacobites all to Pot go.

10.

So 'tis very plain,  
This damn'd cursed Reign  
Of the two is far the worst Evil,  
For Nose and the Dutch  
Will ruine all such  
That won't sell their Souls to the Devil.

11.

If the House of Commons  
Had Souls like the Romans,  
Or Courage like Brave Sir John K---s,  
In spite of Dutch Boors  
They'd kick out of Doors  
The Usurer, and do the King right.

12.

But the blessed Convention  
Is brib'd by a Pension,  
So nothing from them we can hope ;  
Till Home Heaven does bring  
Our much injur'd King,  
Then all they can claim is a Rope.

13.

And now I do think,  
'Tis time for to drink  
A Bumper, don't think it too much Man,  
'Tis the Restoration,  
And Peace to the Nation,  
Confusion likewise to the Dutchman.

F I N I S.